

## Boys Like Boys by MichaelMellsAsshole

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Blowjobs, Eddie's a germaphobe but this boy can fuck, Frottage, Listen i just rly love streddie okay, M/M, Making Out, Multi, Reddie, Smut, Streddie, They're like 16/17, haha who needs a beta reader, handjob, i wrote this instead of doing my psych homework in a weird fever bls appreciate it, sorry about the monster of a first paragraph i hate it too

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak & Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier/St Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/St Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier/St Stanley Uris

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-12-01

**Updated:** 2019-12-01

**Packaged:** 2019-12-18 05:05:21

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Underage

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,080

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Eddie looked cute, Stan admitted to himself. Both of them, in their own weird way. Eddie was small and adorable, and the way his face scrunched up when he was disgusted with something Richie had done made him want to kiss every inch of his face. Richie looked like some kind of demon rat that only wore Hawaiian shirts and had a bad sense of humor, but there was something strangely charming about it.

## Boys Like Boys

Stan had been biking home for about five minutes before realizing his bag was suspiciously light. Stopping on the side of the road to unzip his backpack, Stan realized that he had left his math textbook at Richie's. He had been studying with Richie and Eddie for a good two hours before feeling like his brain was fried and he would rather fail his math test than keep studying. Besides, Stan was really the only one studying. Richie never had to study on account of him being some kind of kid genius, and he would not stop pestering Eddie. Poking his side and nudging his feet and pulling at the strap on his fanny pack. The funny thing was, Eddie didn't seem to mind. Sure, Eddie would scold him and tell him to cut it out, but Stan could see a tiny smile pull at the corner of his mouth and blush cover his cheeks and nose. He looked cute, Stan admitted to himself. Both of them, in their own weird way. Eddie was small and adorable, and the way his face scrunched up when he was disgusted with something Richie had done made him want to kiss every inch of his face. Richie looked like some kind of demon rat that only wore Hawaiian shirts and had a bad sense of humor, but there was something strangely charming about it. And the way his hair curled when it was drying after swimming in the quarry, and the way his lanky limbs swung Stan around in an attempt to dry him. Skin pressing to skin, Stan felt like he would combust. But those were not normal thoughts, no, he was supposed to think about girls like that. Sure, he thought some of the girls in his class were cute, but nothing like what he thought about with those two. He had to admit though, one time Richie showed him his dad's Playboy magazine and Stan had to excuse himself with a squeak to go and jerk off in the bathroom. Shoving those thoughts away, Stan turned his bike around and started pedaling back towards Richie's house.

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Pulling into Richie's driveway, Stan noticed that Eddie's bike was still in the driveway. There was no way they were still studying, probably playing video games or reading comic books together. They always seemed to enjoy that, pressed shoulder to shoulder, fingers accidentally brushing to turn the page. Sometimes Stan imagined himself squeezed between the two of them, innocently rubbing his feet up their legs until they shivered.

Stan opened the front door and ran up the steps to Richie's room. Before he could register the soft moans coming from behind the door, he turned the knob and let himself in.

What Stan witnessed was something his brain could never have come up with. Richie was sitting on the edge of his bed with Eddie seated in his lap. Richie was marking up Eddie's exposed neck and collarbone with sucks and bites, and Eddie had his head tilted up towards the ceiling. Eddie had grabbed Richie's curly hair and was pulling absentmindedly at the locks with each moan. Richie's left hand was around Eddie's waist to hold him in place, but his right hand had disappeared. Looking closer, Stan realized that Richie's hand was in between the two boys, massaging their dicks together. Stan let out a strangled gasp? moan? and brought his free hand up to cover his mouth.

Both boys whipped their heads around to stare at Stan, who was already turning to sprint down the stairs.

"Wait!" Richie called out. Stan stopped and turned slowly to face the boys. Richie had moved his right hand to grab Eddie's waist and keep him from moving. Richie looked at the boy in his lap with a look Stan couldn't quite place. The two exchanged some kind of conversation without having to speak and Richie looked up at Stan. "We've been talking, and we've noticed the way you look at us."

Stan panicked. "What do you mean 'the way I look at you'? I've done nothing like that, cause that would make me gay and I'm not gay."

"Stan, you literally walked in on us with my hand around our dicks, you're fine. What Eddie and I wanted to ask, is do you want to join us?"

Stan blanched. "I, I don't know how to respond to that. Um, uh. What if someone finds out? Like Bowers? I don't know about you guys but I like being alive."

"Well Eddie and I have been going at it like rabbits for a couple of months and no one's noticed yet so I think you're fine." Richie grinned as Eddie slapped his chest before resting his cheek on it.

“Your secret’s safe with us,” Eddie reassured him.

Stan breathed in shakily before nodding. “Alright, I guess I’m in.”

Eddie and Richie exchanged a grin as Eddie pulled himself off of the other boy’s lap and gestured for Stan to join him. Moving across the room, Stan sat down next to Eddie as Richie moved to the middle of the bed.

“Have you ever done anything like this before?” Eddie asked him.

“Bev gave me a peck on the lips once, but she feels more like a sister to me than anything.” Eddie gave a knowing hum and laced their fingers together.

Leaning forward, Eddie placed a gentle kiss to Stan’s lips, parting their lips with his own. Stan let out a breathy moan and blushed. God, he was such a virgin. Eddie smiled knowingly.

“Don’t worry, I was an absolute mess my first time too.”

“Really? Cause I feel like I’m about to cream my pants and you’ve barely touched me.” Stan let out a shaky laugh to try and cover how embarrassed and horny he was.

“Oh definitely, I know the feeling.” Leaning back in, Eddie locked his lips with Stan’s again. Stan finally understood why people were addicted to kissing. He felt like he could do this for hours and not get tired. Just being able to press his lips to Eddie’s soft lips until they bruised, and Stan could die a happy man. Eddie slowly moved his lips down to kiss along his jawline and nip at his earlobe, which made Stan yelp. Eddie grinned through the bite and licked gently.

“Enjoying yourself Richie?” Eddie asked. Stan remembered that Richie was still on the bed, and turned his head to look at the taller boy. Swallowing a whine, Stan gazed upon Richie. He was leaning back with his left hand planted firmly on the bed to hold him up, and one leg was fully stretched out while the other had his foot planted firmly on the bed. Richie was putting his right hand to good use, by jerking himself off slowly. Stan watched Richie bite his bottom lip as he gazed at Stan longingly, flicking his wrist in all the right ways to

make himself come. Richie's face was flushed red with longing, and Stan felt himself melt.

"I feel great love, thanks for asking." Richie's shitty British impression gained a snort from Eddie as he turned back to Stan.

"Sorry about him, he's pervy that way."

"No, it's fine. I—I kinda like it." Stan felt the confession force itself out and he resisted the urge to cover his mouth with his hand.

"Stanny boy likes to be watched, good to know," Richie joked.

"Well at least you two have something in common," Eddie murmured. Turning back to Stan, he smiled. "Shall we continue?" Stan smiled and nodded. Looking down at Stan's crotch, Eddie faltered. "Do you want me..." Eddie didn't finish, but his message was clear. Stan nodded and hoped he didn't come off as too eager. Eddie Kaspbrak touching his dick! Holy shit!

Eddie undid the button to his pants and unzipped them before reaching under the waistband of his boxers to pull out Stan's dick. Stan let out a moan that could have been used as an extra sound in a dinosaur movie and covered his mouth with his hand. His face flushed red with embarrassment and Eddie chuckled. "You're fine, don't worry about sounding weird. You can be as loud as you want." Stan nodded in understanding and put his hand down. Eddie gave a couple of experimental strokes and Stan moaned. He heard Richie chuckle and Eddie rolled his eyes.

Eddie moved his face towards Stan's and started to make out with him again. Rubbing his thumb over Stan's slit, Stan gasped and opened his mouth. Eddie took the opportunity and inserted his tongue into Stan's mouth. Stan could tell Eddie was an expert kisser, he knew exactly what to do to make Stan melt. Imagining Eddie doing the same to Richie, Stan felt his body heat up.

Eddie twisted his wrist and Stan let out a strangled gasp. He knew he wouldn't last much longer. He glanced down and almost came right there. Precome was dripping from Stan's dick and it was red and enlarged. Eddie's tiny hands handled his dick masterfully, and Stan

was so glad that he could see what was happening. Being able to see it was almost enough to push himself over the edge, he would not be able to last much longer. Stan was honestly surprised he had lasted as long as he had, with how amazing Eddie was at everything, and even just Richie watching them was incredibly hot.

Panting, Stan bit his hand and started whining. Eddie moved to his neck and started to place kisses all over his neck, taking the time to bite and suck at his neck. All of that started to build up until Stan felt like he was going to explode.

“Eh—Eddie, I’m gonna,” Stan could barely form a coherent sentence, he was so utterly trashed.

“It’s okay baby, you can come,” Eddie breathed against his neck. Eddie’s pumping sped up until Stan felt like he would realistically die if he didn’t come. Spilling all over Eddie’s hand, Stan sagged against Eddie’s shoulder as he pumped out the last squirts of come. Eddie rubbed his back, doling out praises to Stan. Zoning out, Stan barely registered anything Eddie said. When he came to, Eddie was still rubbing his back. Glancing over at Richie, he made eye contact with the boy and Richie grinned.

“Did ya have fun getting stroked off by Eds?” He asked.

“Keep talking and I won’t blow you,” Eddie told him.

“Nooo babe I long for your sweet lips around my huge cock, I’d die without it.”

“Didn’t know I signed up to date a poet, is it too late to date Stan instead?” Stan blushed profusely and started stammering. Eddie shushed him with a kiss. “Be right back,” he whispered against his lips.

Stan watched as Eddie crawled over to Richie and began to pump his cock. Richie threw his head back and moaned, grabbing Eddie’s hair.

“God, baby, you’re so good for me.” Richie tugged on his boyfriend’s hair and sighed as his dick disappeared into Eddie’s mouth. Stan gasped. Eddie Kaspbrak, notorious germaphobe and neat freak, was

sucking dick. And he was good at it.

Eddie pumped his head up and down and twisted his hand around what he couldn't reach. He pulled back to give kitten licks to the slit, and Richie gave a muffled scream. Stan broke his focus to look down at Eddie's dick, and almost fainted on the spot. Eddie was jerking himself off while giving Richie a blowjob. God, Stan felt like he was about to come again, after having nothing done to him.

"Baby please, I, aaahhhh," Richie tugged at Eddie's hair as he came into his mouth. Stan saw Eddie jerk as he came into his own hand, splattering Richie's sheets with come. Stan focused back on Eddie's face to watch him swallow Richie's come. Stan almost passed out in that moment. He couldn't believe what he had just seen.

Eddie pushed himself up and turned to Stan while wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Smiling, he held out a hand.

"Wanna cuddle?"

Stan snorted. "After you just blew Richie and almost made me come in my pants again? Yeah sure." Eddie smiled as Stan crawled up the two boys and laid in between them. Richie encompassed both boys in a bear hug and Eddie snuggled into Stan's side. Stan thought he could get used to this.

### **Author's Note:**

I had a blast writing this cause there isn't enough streddie stuff and that's a crime. Thanks for dealing with my bullshit.